

andah Road. No one was in. As it was getting late, we thought it prudent to retrace our steps to the village, which we reached at 6 P.M. According to appointment, I took tea with Mr. J., a store-keeper here, whom I was agreeably surprised to meet with an Englishman, the son of an English clergyman, who knew my native town well, having left England about six years ago. He owns a farm near the Sault St. Marie. Spent an interesting evening with him and Mr. J.

Tuesday, February 5th.—Fine day. Started after breakfast, with Mr. Burkitt, to visit, seriatim, the different Indian and white families in the village. First visited Kah-gah-ge-way, the Indian cooper, and his family, talked with them on the evil of drinking, the sin against God. Read Rom. xiii. 8, to end. Eph. v. 1 to 20, commented on these passages, and then offered up prayer. Went thence to Muk-kuh-din-bin's. Here I found a sad home. Mukkuhdabin told me a wretched tale respecting his wife; . . . the fact is, his house has been the resort of the drinkers for some time. His wife had gone away to her son's house, being ashamed to see me. Her daughter and two other Indian women were at home. How sad it is to reflect on the condition of this family. The woman has been a communicant, but now seems thoroughly given over to whiskey. The blame rests, doubtless, chiefly on our own race. They bring this frightful curse, this enemy of God and man, and sell it to the Indians, and therefore on them must rest the sin. Went thence to visit another Indian family—Oogemah. These are not so much given to whiskey, but are very careless in observing the Lord's-day. After some conversation with them, I read and prayed, and then passed on to Showotagun's house. (I had forgotten to mention before, that her father came to me on Sunday evening, to tell me about her). I spoke seriously but kindly to her on the consequence of her sin, and then read and prayed with her, promising to come in again in the evening, when her father and mother would be at home: they having gone to their garden, two miles away, for potatoes. Mr. Burkitt and I then visited Mr. McKenzie, the fisherman, who lives near Showotagun's, found him at home with his daughter: held some conversation. After reading and prayer, returned to Mr. Burkitt's. In the afternoon we set out to visit. Called on Mr. McClarty, found his wife and family only at home. After conversation, read a portion of the scripture and offered up prayer. Proceeded thence to Robert Mukkuhdabin's wigwam, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the village. Here I found Rob's mother, the Indian woman before mentioned, who has disgraced herself so sadly through drink. She was ashamed to look me in the face, and kept her head covered with a blanket all the time I was speaking to her. I spoke seriously though kindly to her: reminded her of her former respectability and apparent piety; as I spoke to her, she appeared much moved, and sobbed aloud. As there were a number of Indians in another wigwam near, I assembled them together, and read a chapter in the New Testament, in Indian, commenting as I read, and then offered up prayer. We were almost blinded with the smoke in the crowded wigwam, and the scene which presented itself to my eyes was one which was sufficient to shock the sensitiveness and delicacy of any cleanly disposed person; the filth and wretchedness of this miserable family form a picture which might almost make angel's weep over the wreck of fallen humanity. Yet these poor beings have immortal souls, and this thought is enough, as it should be, to outweigh every other consideration. It was a relief to get out again into the pure air. We next visited an Indian house, the very paragon of neatness and cleanliness. Mrs. Saquabunepo keeps her house in a more creditable condition, and her family neat and tidy. She has five children, all baptized, and her husband is a sober and industrious Indian, a baptized person, and a regular attendant on the means of grace; and her sister-in-law, a widow, who is staying with her, is also a very respectable, cleanly and well-behaved Indian woman. I found her brother Muhnedoowahsen here. After some conversation, I did here as at other Indian houses, read a portion of scripture and offered prayer. Having announced my intention of holding Divine service in the school-house, at 7 P. M., I here separated from Mr. Burkitt, who went to prepare for service, while I proceeded alone to visit George Obedosswoy. I discovered that he had met with a very serious accident during the day; that he had broken some of his ribs and otherwise injured himself by falling from the top of a high log in the woods. I recommended him to lose no time in sending for Dr. Simpson to Manitowaning. I endeavoured to improve the occasion, by pointing out to him how thankful he should be that matters were no worse, and more especially as he has been going on in a